

Essex County Herald.

VOL. XXVII.

ISLAND POND, VT., FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1899.

NO. 10.

W. H. BISHOP,
Notary Public with Seal

Herald Office, Island Pond, Vt.

BATES, MAY & SIMONDS,
Attorneys at Law
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

F. D. HALE
Attorney at Law
Lunenburg, Vt.

JERRY DICKERMAN BATES
Attorney
Island Pond, Vt.

A. ELIE,
Physician and Surgeon
Cross Street, Island Pond, Vt.

H. E. SARGENT
Physician and Surgeon
Office at S. Sweeney's, Island Pond, Vt.

L. W. STEVENS,
Deputy Sheriff
Office at Store, East Charleston, Vt.

A. H. WILKIE,
Tonsorial Artist
Post Office Block, Island Pond, Vt.

G. E. CLARKE,
Undertaker Funeral Supplies
Office over Post Office, Island Pond, Vt.

J. S. SWEENEY,
Licensed Auctioneer
Island Pond, Vt.

SHOEMAKER.
I make a specialty of
Repairs in Leather and Rubber
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Ed. Davis, Derby St. Island Pond
Orders left with S. J. Maroney will re-
ceive prompt attention. TERMS CASH.

F. A. ELKINS,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Cross Street, ISLAND POND, VT.
All kinds of repairing done in a neat and durable style.

L. T. WILLIAMS,
LAND & SURVEYOR,
and Timber Land Explorer.
Twenty-five years experience in New Bruns-
wick, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont.
Can give accurate estimates by methods not
known to others. Commenced surveying a spe-
cialty. Post office Coos N. H.

S. P. MAXIM & SON,
—MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN—
Doors, Windows, Blinds,
Mouldings, Stair Rail, Balusters, Newsels,
Ash and Pine Shingles, Window and Door
Frames, Brackets, Joints, Etc. Outside
Windows made to order. Regular sizes in
stock. All goods at lowest prices.
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

O. H. HENDERSON,
TICKET AGENT
Boston and Maine Railway,
ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.
Tickets via the first class route to points
west and south and via trans-Atlantic line
to and from European ports. Baggage
checked through. Sleeping car accommo-
dations secured in advance.

HASKELL & JONES,
Fashionable Tailors,
—AND—
Importers of Fine Woolsens,
470 CONGRESS STREET,
(OPPOSITE PRINCE HOTEL)
PORTLAND, - MAINE.
We keep nothing but the
FINEST GOODS,
which are made up by practical and experi-
enced workmen and trimmed in the most
approved style. For Orders from a distance
promptly attended to.
ALL WORK WARRANTED AND
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A CARP. M. J. H. Grant, our cutter and
salesman, will visit Island Pond at least
twice each year with the latest samples and
fashions, offering if requested when four or
more suits. Due notice of each visit
is given in the local columns of this paper.
When in Portland call and see us.
Respectfully,
HASKELL & JONES.

**Colebrook Marble and
Granite Works.**

Phil J. HARTLEY, Prop.
Retail dealers in all kinds of cemetery work,
in all kinds of marble and granite.
Scott Granite a specialty.
Designs furnished on application.

Essex District Probate Court.

Sessions of said Court will be held at
Brighton the second Tuesday of October and
April, Canaan the second Tuesday of No-
vember and May, West Concord the second
Tuesday of December and June, Lunenburg
the second Tuesday of January and July.
Special sessions will be held at any place in
the district by agreement.
ROBERT CHASE, Judge.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Summer Time Table.

In effect June 19, '99.
Passenger service at Island Pond.

East bound leave
Mail and Passenger 6:05 a. m., mixed 6:25
a. m., express 1:18 p. m., mixed 4:50 p. m.,
night express 2:05 a. m.

West bound leave
Night express 2:10 a. m., mail and passen-
ger 6:00 a. m., express 1:43 p. m.

Arrive from east
Night express 1:50 a. m.; mixed 3:00 p. m.;
express 1:18 p. m.; mail and passenger
2:00 p. m.

Arrive from west:
Night Express 1:40 a. m.; express 12:53 p. m.;
passenger 10 p. m.
The trains designated as "night express"
run daily the others daily except Sunday.

W. E. DAVIS, G. P. & T. A.
CHAS. M. HAYS, Gen. Man.

Maine Central R. R.

To and from Quebec, Colebrook, North Strat-
ford, Lancaster, North Conway, Boston,
Portland, and all points in the State
and Canada and Maine Provinces.

In effect November 27, 1898.

TRAINS HAVE NORTH STRATFORD AS FOL-
LOWS: For Colebrook and Breche Falls at
9:05 a. m., 2:26 and 3:54 p. m.
For Colebrook, Breche Falls and Line
Ridge at 2:30 p. m.
For all points on the Quebec
Central Ry. 2:30 p. m.

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A FARMER ON ROADS.

STRONG ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF
IMPROVEMENT.

Mad Makes Life in the Country Un-
bearable. Keeps Children From
School. Kills Horses and Destroys
Wagons—Benefits of Good Roads.

While farmers as a class may not
favor the improvement of the country
highways, particularly if they are
be called upon to pay the cost, yet there
are many who are convinced that the
present system of roads is a handicap
to the social, moral and business pro-
gress of the country. A letter from an Ohio farmer
recently printed in The L. A. W. Bul-
letin shows the trend of sentiment in
favor of good roads among the tillers of
the soil.

Bahama's ass called its master's at-
tention to the bad roads and has voice
of the sentiment of thousands of dumb
and patient creatures that have been
spavined, galled, wind broken and
foundered in dragging their heavy loads
to market.

A good road is not only a good in-
vestment, but will pay 100 per cent
every year on its cost, raises the value
of every acre, shortens distance, saves
time, wagons, horseflesh and harness,
increases the load and lessens the bur-
den, and makes it possible to haul two
tons to market with the same power
that now leaves one ton stuck in the
mire. Good roads also bring us closer
together, makes neighbors of hermits,
discounts every farm mortgage and
brings joy and contentment to every
community. Imagine a man knee deep
in the mud trying to load cheese.

Eternal shame to the man who tries
to dodge the road tax and still more
to the commissioner who, elected upon
his pledge for better roads, is false to
his promise and rides rough shod over
the wishes of the people.

Road tax is the tribute which every-
body pays to civilization, the entrance
fee to community life, and by which
the wonderful internal development of
a country is brought about.

There is really but one argument on
good roads and that is in their favor.
We all know we have never had good
going; that our country roads are
about as bad as country roads could
possibly be; that they are frost laden
and wet and soft and soggy in spring
and fall, dry and dusty in summer and
rough the year round.

As farmers let us admit that these
roads are bad (and every honest man
will admit it); that they keep us from
town and from each other; that we
can't get to market when prices are
good; that we are hauling scant loads,
racking our wagons, killing our horses
and rapping our tempers; that they
keep our wives shut up like cattle in
a pen, increase our solitude, keep our
children from school and send our
young men to the cities with a solemn
oath on their lips that they will never
think of the soil.

Think of our harvests, think of the
money invested in farm implements
and horses and mules to drag your
crops to market and then think of wait-
ing for the mud to "dry up." Think
of the horses and mules standing idle
in the stable, the cost per day for feed,
the loss of time and labor, the dwarfed
and shrunken values of our farms, of
the slack supply and good prices when
roads are impassable, and then think
of the procession of farmers that rush
to town and glut the market in the first
day of dry weather, and think of the
pitiful prices they get when everybody
is trying to sell to the overstocked mer-
chant.

How do you account for the gain in
town and city values as against the
large falling off in farm values? My
answer is—poor roads.

Give us good, paved roads and every
acre of our farm lands will double in
value, our boys will till the soil in-
stead of seeking employment in the
overcrowded cities, the unemployed
population of the cities will pour into
the country, while the cities them-
selves will thrive and flourish, drawing
life and health and wealth from all
roads radiating into a country that will
blossom like the rose.

Working For Good Roads.

Patrick H. Flynn, the Brooklyn sur-
face railroad man, is promoting the
building of good roads in western
Sullivan county, N. Y., by offering
pathmasters first and second prizes of
\$70 and \$30 for making and maintain-
ing the best roads in their respective
districts. It is reported that the re-
wards have greatly stimulated the
efforts of the pathmasters and town
authorities and that roads which for
years have been bad are now good.

"Golden Rule Mayor" Jones' Idea.

Mayor Jones of Toledo in a recent
article takes the ground that the idle
tramp and the idle millionaire should
each contribute to the welfare of the
country. He thinks that the capitalist
should invest some of his money in
road building and the idle vagabond
should contribute some of his time and
strength. These services, in his opin-
ion, would be as patriotic and as worthy
of the love of men as to risk one's life in
battle.

GOOD ROADS CRUSADE.

Progress of a Movement to Secure
Improved Highways.

Miss Ruth C. Harber of Missouri,
secretary of the State and Interstate
Good Roads and Public Improvement
association, who has recently been
working in Illinois arranging for dis-
trict good roads conventions and a state
convention at Springfield in the fall,
has just with encouraging success.

The association represented by Miss
Harber embraces 22 states, and is the
outgrowth of a state convention in
Missouri in 1897 at which 700 dele-
gates were present. A committee of
seven, consisting of Miss Harber and
six men, was appointed to organize
county associations. At the end of a
year, when an interstate convention,
attended by 2,500 delegates, was held
in St. Louis, 72 counties had been or-
ganized, and as Miss Harber had or-
ganized 66 she was unanimously named
as secretary and organizer. Miss Har-
ber thus explains the plan of work:

"We intend to have all these con-
ventions come off in rapid succession
in August and September and to con-
clude with a state convention in Spring-
field, to which delegates will be elected
by the district conventions. I have
been very successful so far in enlist-
ing the co-operation of commercial bodies
in the different towns, and they seem
really interested in the work as soon
as they understand it.

"I have had some trouble, however,
in explaining that our association is
working not for hard roads, but for
good roads. Farmers easily become
frightened at the hard roads propo-
sition, for they think of macadam and
know that that would mean increased
taxation. All we want is to make good
soft roads that in years to come will
furnish foundations for good hard
roads, and we regard our work as edu-
cational. We expect that at each of the
district conventions and at the state
convention manufacturers and mer-
chants for making roads will build
sample roads in order that the farmers
may see how a road should be built
that it may be of some value to the
community; to show them how a road
may be built so that the water will
drain off; how culverts should be con-
structed and arranged in order properly
to fulfill their mission, and how really
cheap it is to make good roads.

"We do not intend to increase tax-
ation one bit, for we know that the \$1,
000,000 annually expended by Illinois
is sufficient to build good roads every-
where. But we want the farmers to
let the state do the work and not work
on their poll tax by pretending to build
good roads. Not that they do not mean
to do the best they know how, but they
have not the facilities for the work and
cannot do it as it should be done. Our
idea is to make a good road at less
money than it now costs. We want, if
possible, to see the poll tax reduced to
\$1, and want the farmer to pay that
dollar into the treasury instead of
working it out, as is now the case, and
we expect to show him how it will be
to his advantage to do it."

Local Improvements Suggested.

The members of a girls' club of Bos-
ton are protesting against the placing
of electric lights in the immediate vi-
cinity of park benches. They should
also demand that a portiere be hung
over the moon, and that the stars be
prohibited from shining upon the park
bench pictures.—Denver Post.

Families Smaller Now.

"Are small families the rule down
your way?" said a Pittsburg man to a
visitor from South Carolina.
"They are now, sir," replied the
southerner. "I have but 17 children
myself, while at my age my father had
22 or 23."—Pittsburg Chronicle Tele-
graph.

Quite Contented.

"Doesn't it make you feel a little
blue to find yourself getting old?" in-
quired the strictly fresh egg of the
somewhat doubtful one.
"No, it doesn't," replied the latter.
"What's a little blue? I'm going on
the stage."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not a Fair Divide.

Brown—That new milkman seems to
be getting the cream of the trade in
this part of the city.
Jones—He takes good care that none
of his customers gets any.—Columbus
(O.) State Journal.

Gracious!

Footman—Excuse me, baron, but I
haven't received any wages for four
months.
Baron—All right—I excuse you!—Un-
sere Gesellschaft.

No, Indeed.

The lady stepped from her silken bow,
And she was a gay lady!
For naught but a great composite flower
Could rival her beauty.
With her blossoms red, and her knickers tan,
She looked like a link between monkey and man
As she hid her face for the last!

Ye Modern Knights.

Lord Scroggins rose from his balmy sleep,
And he sat up in a great composite flower
He muttered a vow of import deep
He was going on his plucking quest:
"I will need me not and will speed me well,
Nor even come from my lady's quest,
Till I find her, for woe or weal!"

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And she was a gay lady!
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Novel Road Scheme.

How a Gravel Road Was Built at
Small Cost to Builders.

Farmers who travel over a certain
stretch of road in Illinois have dis-
covered that there is more than one way
to get good roads without putting in
experienced men to work with poor
material. The expedient employed near
Henry, Ill., is interesting. There is a
toll bridge over the Illinois river at
that point, and the road runs along the
stream for a distance of three or four
miles. Gravel roads were wanted badly.
It cost the farmer 25 cents for every
load of grain or cereal of any kind that
was hauled over the bridge to the market.

A proposition was made that the
sum would be returned to the farmer
if he brought back a load of gravel on
his return home and scattered it along
the highway. It was promptly agreed
to. The result was that every farmer
loaded a big grain wagon with gravel,
and he started at the bridge to dump
it. The next farmer that came along
after the first load had been dumped
started where his predecessor had left
off. This continued for some time, and
there are now about four miles of the
best kind of gravel roads along the ri-
verside and in a place where it has been
always hard to travel over when the
weather was bad.

HUMOR

PUNCTURES.

Some of Which Aren't Deep Enough
to Hurt.

No matter who else a cyclist may be
riding with, he should always "ride
with caution."
A girl must be completely carried
away with her lover when she con-
sents to clothe with him.

To see a man walking on his uppers
is enough to make the hardest heart
exclaim "poor soul!"
When a country depot master gets
to be a conductor, he leaves his old sta-
tion in life for a better.

The man whose prudence is such as
to make him a shining example is one
who can't be "worked."
Many a man who boasts of his de-
cent from William the Conqueror
shows what a steep descent it has
been.

Some of us hardly guess how much
of our goodness is due to the thought
that the neighbors may be looking.—
L. A. W. Bulletin.

No Rhyme There.

He was addressing a lowly but in-
telligent audience somewhere in the vi-
cinity of Seven Dials, and he had se-
lected for his discourse "Rhymes and
Rhyming," so that he might illustrate
to these rough and rugged minds how
for the pleasure of poetry can brighten
the poor man's heart. And touching
upon the difficulties of rhyming he said:

"It is easy enough, my friends, to get
a rhyme for so simple a word as 'sea,'
but what can you get for 'burglary'?"
"Well, guv'nor," exclaimed one of his
hearers, "it all depends on the judge.
My bill got seven years."—Spare Mo-
ments.

He Passed.

"Ticket Seller (at box office)—On what
account?"
Unknown Actor—On account of the
"professors."
Ticket Seller—Where are your cred-
entials?

"I left them at the hotel, but
that's all right. I'm the man who dis-
covered that new way of saying 'Vad
id est?'"

"Ticket Seller—Did you say four seats?"
—Cleveland Leader.

Reliable.

"It's a great thing to have a memory
that you can rely on," said the friend.
"It is," said Senator Sarghram com-
placently, "and I may say without
boasting that my memory never yet
played me any tricks by overlooking em-
barassing facts when some one was
asking questions."—Washington Star.

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of electric lights in the immediate vi-
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